

GALES FERRY

Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Buckingham on the tenth anniversary of their marriage entertained at dinner Monday evening at their home in the village. Covers were laid for fourteen. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Clark, parents of Mrs. Buckingham, with Miss Florine Seefeld, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Oat, Mrs. Harvey M. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Greenman, Mr. B. F. Barnes, Charles Olson and Day Fillmore, all of Norwich. Mr. and Mrs. Buckingham received congratulations, gifts of flowers, money, and numerous favors.

At the fortnightly business meeting of the Village Improvement association in the Country club house Monday evening the first vice president, Rev. Allen Shaw Bush, presided in the absence of the president, D. R. Povey. On landscape gardening, Mrs. A. S. Bush, chairman of the committee, reported progress in the plowing and seeding the memorial plot on the Military highway. Mrs. Bush's committee remains as last year. Tracy Smith and Peter Hoffman, for the work. The new committee on fire prevention reported having held two informal meetings. Miss Dorothy Birch, president of the Juniors, reported that they had entered a flower garden contest, and A. J. Brundage of Storms Agricultural College had helped them with ideas for the work. Secretary Parker announced that the president, D. R. Povey, has appointed this (Saturday) afternoon a clean-up day for the village. It was voted to reduce the membership dues for 1922 from \$1 to 50 cents. Daylight saving time was considered by the meeting and a vote taken favoring it. Rev. Mr. Bush, who had prepared a sketch of the early history of Gales Ferry and the early settlements on the east side of the Thames river, spoke of the Brewster family, which settled at Brewster's Neck, the Allyn family at Allyn's Point and the Boudard family at Gales Ferry. Roger Gale had the first franchise for a ferry between the village and the opposite side of the river, now Montville, about 1776. The name of this village was established and has continued Gales Ferry. A chair, with arms, was on exhibition, loaned by Mrs. Charles H. Comstock, that was formerly in the Gale home here. This chair is in an excellent state of preservation, although over 150 years old.

The lesson for the home nursing class Wednesday afternoon, with Miss Cackley, Red Cross nurse, was care of patients with communicable diseases. The lesson for next week is common ailments and emergencies.

Mrs. Lydia H. Chase of Portsmouth, R. I., who has been a guest at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Roderick MacL. in Danvers, is now visiting her son, Richard H. Chase, at Long Cove.

Mrs. Aaron L. Perkins was in Norwich Monday to visit her brother, Cyrus Chapman, who underwent an operation last week for the removal of a cataract from one eye. It is said the operation was successful and Mr. Chapman is making favorable recovery.

H. Winthrop Hurlbutt is building a shop and garage 18x40 feet at Woodland farm.

Eddie Simmons of the Bon Ton Girls' company, who have been in the middle west recently, closed the season Saturday at St. Louis. Mr. Simmons returned to his home in the village Tuesday. Eddie Simmons had opened the house some weeks ago.

There was no school Wednesday afternoon, as the teacher, Mrs. Winifred Crapau, attended the spelling contest in Palmer Memorial school, Montville, when representative pupils from several schools were entered in the contest. Gordon Manierre, a pupil of the village school, attended with his teacher.

The grass was ignited by a spark from the locomotive of the train due at Gales Ferry at 11:45 Wednesday, below the station, near Brown's Crossing, on the east side of the track, and the flames ran with great velocity toward the buildings on the property of Albertus H. Dean. Men were called and saved the buildings and subdued the fire.

Rev. W. D. Woodward attended the contest in the Palmer Memorial school, Montville, Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert H. Crandall and Mr. and Mrs. Edith B. Crandall, all of New London, were callers at the home of the Misses Mainwaring Wednesday.

LEBANON

Mr. and Mrs. Clark H. Standish and family have been expressing gratitude to their friends and neighbors for kindness, help and sympathy during the six weeks they were in quarantine while their daughter Ruth was seriously ill with influenza.

Edwin Abel of Norwich spent the week end with his grandfather, Mrs. Ida Abel. The quarterly business meeting of the Baptist church was held at the home of C. S. Goodwin Monday evening. The treasurer's report showed all bills paid and over \$100 in the treasury.

The mid-week prayer meeting was held at the home of A. A. Boothby Wednesday evening. The meetings are well attended and very helpful.

The Congregational church and T. P. S. C. E. have raised \$50 for the Near East relief; the C. E. also voted to send \$10 to Rev. Edward T. Smith of Ing-hol, China, for his work, and \$10 to India.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sweet and daughter have gone to Norfolk to open the Norfolk inn for the summer.

Mrs. E. R. York has been spending a few days with her parents in Malden, Mass.

Earle Hoxie received this week 400 hatched Plymouth Rock chickens from Cleveland, O.

A number from this place attended the pictures at the Community club, Goshen, last Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Wade of Williamsville are moving to the tenement owned by W. A. Pulte.

Mrs. Feltin purchased from Henry Hewitt the house now occupied by Charles Lamb.

Ellen Nelson of Norwich spent his week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Nelson.

Miss Lucy Bill of Norwich is spending a week with her aunt, Mrs. Ida M. Abel.

Miss Marion Blakeslee of Farmington was a guest for a few days last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Blakeslee.

Mrs. Martin Eisenachmidt with her infant daughter Bernice returns today (Saturday) from a private hospital in Williamsville. Her two little girls, Freda and Eunice, have been staying with Mrs. Charles Geer.

Leroy Burgess has entered the employ of Jordan Bros. in Williamsville. Misses Mary and Julia Standish have returned home after spending six weeks with Mrs. E. A. Hoxie.

C. H. Foster is having a cement stable put in his cattle barn.

Elmer and Clarence Geer had a mink machine installed the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark H. Standish and family and Earl Hoxie motored to Storrs College Sunday.

ANDOVER

A number attended the funeral of Miss Mary Brown last Saturday held at her home, with burial in Hebron cemetery.

Rev. and Mrs. Frank White of Boston were in town last week, staying with the former's brother, Winthrop White, and attending the funeral of Mary Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Olds arrived home last week Monday from Florida, bringing with them a mother goat and kid. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Bishop were in New York for a few days visiting their daughter, Mrs. Wilson; also in New Haven with their daughter, returning home Tuesday. They had a fine time on their trip.

Lawyer E. M. Yomans is having his home renovated and painted.

Raymond Gardner, son of the late George Gardner, died Tuesday in South Coventry and was buried in Andover Thursday afternoon.

The stage is set for the last act in this great moving drama of history

If you are a Jew, you are asked to read this message.

You are asked to devote a few moments of really earnest thought to a matter of transcendent importance. You are asked nothing less than to help make history. Upon what you do, or fail to do, at this moment, the future of millions will depend.

Thirty-two centuries ago, one of the great figures of human history, Moses, led a little band of intrepid people out into the world upon a great adventure. They had been slaves under one of the mightiest of ancient Egyptian despots—one of a score of other conquered tribes, so many of which have been wiped out—*spurious versenkt*—by fire and blood and sword in the course of history.

But this little band was not to be wiped out. They were rebels in an age when it took a truly brave heart to dare even to think of being free. One of them was an ancestor of yours.

They broke their way out of Egypt—your ancestor among them, remember—enduring unimaginable hardships, crossing sea and desert, fighting incessantly as they went, until they arrived at a land, Canaan, where they established themselves and laid the foundations of a nation.

There, for over fifteen hundred years—for almost fifteen times the period that this nation of ours has existed—in a time when tumultuous movements of population were taking place all over the known world, the still hardy descendants of these hardy pioneers hung on to the little edge of the world they called their own, repelling grimly and bravely the attacks of mighty empires that surrounded them.

And they became one of the great peoples of antiquity. Great not in size, but great, surely, in achievement. For, through their prophets and poets and religious teachers, this little group of ancient people, with Greece and Rome, impressed their influence more profoundly upon modern civilization than any other race in history.

Then at last, Rome destroyed them. They could not withstand the irresistible march of Roman conquest. But they would not be subdued. There was continual insubordination, insurrection, armed rebellion, until at last in desperation one of the Caesars determined utterly to destroy "this stubborn, stiff-necked people."

Their beloved land, sacred to them, fruitful for over fifteen hundred years, was laid bare and desolate; their cities were razed to the ground; by the tens of thousands they were butchered or were driven out of Palestine into the slave markets of Rome and Alexandria. Judaea was no more!

Such has been the fate of many a people in history. It is a common story. And the usual end to the story is—extinction. The scattered people, rooted away from the soil on which it thrives so lustily, dies out quickly; it is annihilated, it becomes a memory.

But the remarkable thing about this romance of an ancient people is—that it did not end at this point. Uprooted from their ancient homeland, they still took something away with them; they took their books and their culture with them; they took with them a good physical and intellectual inheritance; a consuming love of freedom; a passion for truth and learning; a burning impatience with injustice; a "practical idealism" that the bitterest misfortune could not sour nor extinguish. Scattered like leaves over the ancient world—penniless, homeless, cruelly down-trodden wanderers—they still survived by reason of this ancient heritage.

There is no need to recount to you what happened to the remnants of this people in the next two thousand years.

There has been an almost continuous martyrdom in behalf of freedom of conscience. What lands have they not been in? What na-

tions have not oppressed them? They have been the prey for ages of superstition and bigotry and intolerance; they have been burned at the stakes by tens of thousands; they have been tortured on rack and screw; they have been the mark through centuries for the slander and lies of the ignorant; during the middle ages they were driven wholesale—poverty-stricken, defenceless—from one city into another; from one land into another.

And to what end did they bear all this? At any time these ancestors of yours could have escaped this life of perpetual persecution and discrimination by assuming to believe what they did not believe. It was a very simple matter. Tens of thousands of them did so—yes, probably hundreds of thousands. But your ancestors were not among those who renounced their heritage. Why were they not—have you ever thought?

Because, consciously or unconsciously, they wanted to transmit to their children, and to their children's children—to you who read this—something of the quality that they themselves had received, unimpaired and strong, from their own fathers.

They made you what you are, one of these patient, humble, heroic men and women. If there is any quality within yourself that you respect, be thankful to them! If there is any constancy to an ideal within you, be thankful to them! If there is any love for truth and justice in you, be thankful to them! If there is any pride of intelligence within you, be thankful to them! What you are, they made you! And all of them—your father, his father, and their fathers long before them—all of them are watching within you at this moment, to see how you face a test as searching as any to which they were ever put.

For today every man and woman of Jewish race in the world has had placed before him an unexampled privilege.

The crisis in this romance of a great and ancient people has come!

Today the enlightened Powers of the world—empires far greater than Rome, Greece or Egypt ever were—have proclaimed to the Jewish people: "You may at last rebuild Palestine! You may send your pioneers there anew! You may rebuild the country. You may make it blossom as it blossomed two thousand years ago. You may establish new industries there! You may again make this Holy land—this land sacred to all the world because of its memories—a little center of light and learning, as it was two thousand years ago. And you may do this under our protection!"

This is not a dream, it is hard, stark, naked reality. On November 2, 1917—in the height of the Great War—Arthur James Balfour, a member of the British Cabinet, speaking in the name of his government, made this historic announcement:

"His Majesty's Government views with favor the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object."

The British Government has pledged its word to see Palestine restored to the Jewish people! And this was only the beginning. Within a year other great Powers endorsed this declaration—France, Italy, Japan, China.

Woodrow Wilson, on August 3, 1918, placed the stamp of his approval on the Zionist movement, which for almost twenty years had been striving for a legally-secured home for Jews in Palestine.

President Harding has taken the same stand within the last year, giving public expression to his friendly interest in the Zionist cause.

Today, there is hardly a responsible liberal statesman or publicist in the world who does not look upon this project with the heartiest favor and the deepest interest.

Is there any romance in history more stirring and inspiring than this? A little people establishes a nation on the farthest banks of the Mediterranean thirty-two hundred years ago. For fifteen hundred years it flourishes. It becomes, so far as its value to the world is concerned, a truly great nation. Then it is rooted away ruthlessly from its soil. Its people are scattered over the world. But they do not die out. They retain something of their original individuality among the races of the world. For two thousand years they go fire and hell to preserve an ideal. And now

in our day, in this day, under our eyes, this people is given the opportunity, under the protection of great modern states, to attempt to do again what it did thirty-two hundred years ago.

And at what a period this historic opportunity comes! It coincides, fatefully, with one of the bitterest tragedies that Jews have been obliged to suffer in all their long history. The Great War and its aftermath have left millions of your brethren in Europe in a condition so pitiful and tragic that those who have seen it, and attempt to describe it, become profoundly silent, because of lack of words.

The most horrible scenes of the war took place in the centers of Jewish population, in Poland and the Ukraine. Back and forth over these homes the multitudinous armies of Germany, Austria and Russia marched, counter-marched and battled—while Jewish soldiers on each side fought against each other. What could possibly become of a population in the midst of such an area?

And even this was not enough! After the declaration of peace, there broke out in these areas, through Poland and the Ukraine, a series of bloodthirsty massacres—at the hands chiefly of irresponsible brigands—that made the old horrible pogroms of the Czars seem, in comparison, like the playful jokes of children.

You have seen photographs of naked children, with the piteous appeal of hunger in their eyes. You have seen photographs of ragged mothers scouring in waste places to find food for their loved ones. You have seen photographs of corpses in great piles—men, women and children butchered ruthlessly. You have seen photographs of children outrageously wounded—wounded children, mind you! You have seen old, old men and women trudging, trudging along roads—going whither, whither? Only to places where there can be but equal misery, worse famine, deeper despair!

It is to these people—you should know—that the promised and of Palestine appears today as bright a lodestar as it did to the Israelites in Egypt over three thousand years ago. The strongest and bravest among them, the youngest and eagerest, are craving—simply craving—the chance to return to this land of their fathers.

In spite of all their misery, they are inspired as they have never been in the past. They are stinging and scraping and starving themselves to go. Thousands of them have tramped through Europe to the ports. In the environs of Warsaw alone there are over thirty thousand young men and women waiting—waiting ever—for a slim chance that will take them again into a land of freedom, into their own land of freedom.

So the stage is set for the last act in this great moving drama of history. And the end is one you shall write—you who read this. You are the hand of God now.

These pioneers are straining every nerve to reach Palestine and rebuild this ancient land. These earnest young men and women—fresh with the idealism of youth—offer their lives and their fortunes as bricks for the future of a reborn Jewish people. Everything is set for the opportunity.

Palestine is now being governed by Great Britain under a mandate conferred upon it by the San Remo Conference of the Allied Powers.

A British High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel, a Jew, has assumed the reins of government.

The land, rewon during the war partly by a Jewish Legion—young Jewish soldiers from England, France, Russia and even America—is open wide to colonization and development.

Seventy-one Jewish agricultural colonies—some established independently forty years ago—are thriving under the plows of over 15,000 free and independent Jewish farmers.

There are Jewish schools, colleges, agricultural experiment stations.

Over 90,000 Jews have made their way into this ancient land and are doing each their little bit to re-develop it.

Still more remarkable. These people have relearned their ancient language—they have revived ancient Hebrew, a language only recently as dead as Greek or Latin. It is the language of their daily converse.

And back of these colonists stand some of the ablest men of your race—scholars, scien-

tists, engineers, agricultural experts, economists, organizers, experts in every branch of commerce and production.

So the situation stands.

Here is a land, beloved in the memories of the whole civilized world, offered to the Jewish people by the great Powers.

Here is a remarkable work of regeneration already begun, in large part, by independent colonists.

Here are tens of thousands of Jewish youth in Eastern Europe ready to devote—not a moment or a day—but their entire lives to the accomplishment of this surpassing ideal.

And here is a body behind them of competent experts, ready to guide and assist these colonists in settling and developing the land.

Will such a great project fail now?

Can it fail?

Will you allow it to fail?

All that is needed now are funds. Tens of thousands of pioneers are waiting for the means with which to reach Palestine. The strongest have tramped across half a continent to get there. But when they reach the sea they must stop.

Money is needed for ships to carry them. Houses are needed to shelter them when they arrive. Schools are needed to take care of their children. Money is needed for far-advanced projects of irrigation and reclamation, the plans for which have been drawn up by the ablest engineers. Still more capital is needed to help build roads and railroads. Ploughs are needed to till the soil. Banks are needed, machinery is needed, tools are needed. And these young men and women have nothing—only their bare hands and their unconquerable will.

What is the least you can do in such a situation—you who are already blessed with a land that you love and revere? Give! Give until your own conscience is satisfied. No matter how small or how great your wealth, what after all can it do for you comparable to such a need as this? If you sacrificed but one-tenth of it, one one-hundredth of it, you would not miss it a week from today.

If this glorious opportunity is lost now—upon you, it is perfectly clear, rests the final responsibility. If it fails, upon you and you alone will be the shame before the bar of history. If it fails, there will be but one reason—because you, in this extraordinary crisis, failed to do your little part.

But it will not, it cannot fail. It cannot be, in the face of these facts, that you will be apathetic. Here is a privilege that will come to a man—not once in a lifetime, but once perhaps in ages. How can you resist it?

Forty centuries of history are watching you at this moment. The far-off generations look to you out of the twilight of the past. The warriors and prophets and teachers of ancient Judaea are watching you. The martyrs of Spain and Poland and Russia are watching you, they who died that you might be what you are. The victims of a thousand massacres, men and women and helpless little children, they, too, are watching you.

In the eyes of all of them there is a single question:

"Will the land of our Fathers now be restored to us, or have we suffered and died in vain?"

PALESTINE FOUNDATION FUND
(Keren-Hayesod)
Norwich Campaign Committee
B. Davidson, Treasurer. Norwich, Conn.

"Forty centuries of history are watching you at this moment. The far-off generations look to you out of the twilight of the past." What will you do? Decide now the utmost you can give, and give it now—at once. Do not allow yourself to forget about a matter of such vital importance. Tear out the accompanying coupon, and mail it with a check.

Norwich has accepted a quota of Twenty Thousand Dollars, of which eleven thousand has been forwarded to the "Keren-Hayesod" Office.

To fulfill our pledge, and to be grateful for the exceptional honor of having Nahum Solow, Executive Chairman of the World Zionist Organization, at the mass meeting at the Community House, on May 7th. We must raise nine thousand dollars on or before that date.

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO B. DAVIDSON.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Samuel Untermyer
Honorary Chairman

Peter J. Schweitzer
Chairman Administrative Committee